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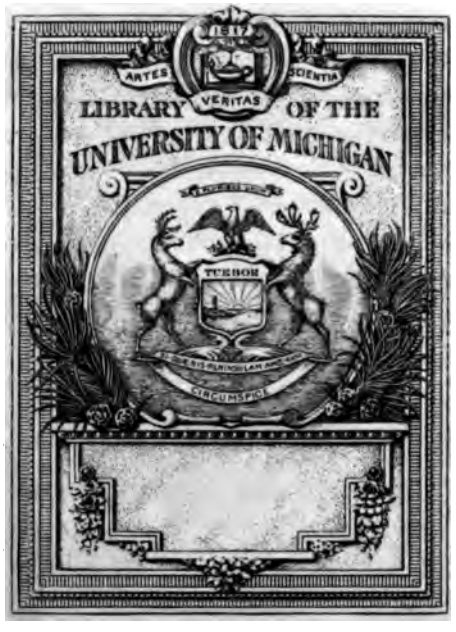
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WEATHER OPINIONS

A BOOK OF QUOTATIONS
WITH INTERLEAVES ON WEATHER
SUBJECTS

COMPILED AND
ARRANGED BY

JENNIE DAY HAINES

PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
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FOREWORD

¶ In every-day life, there is perhaps no topic that concerns us so nearly as the weather. Under its various aspects, it is a never-failing subject for discussion, about which but few entirely agree, even among those who profess to be weatherwise. ¶ A collection of opinions from many writers, interspersed with interleaves of information along kindred lines, may, therefore, prove to be both interesting and instructive to the reading world.

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PRELUDE

When the air is soft and warm
And the sun's aglow,
Get your trusty overshoes,
It's pretty sure to snow.

When the sky is overcast
And the wind is high,
You want to take precautions 'gainst
A sunstroke by and by.

The weather's easy to foretell
In moments such as these;
It's sure to rain or snow or thaw,
Or get red hot or freeze.

Selected.

As a rule a man's a fool;
When it's hot he wants it cool;
And when it's cool he wants it hot—
Always wanting what is not.

Selected.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JANUARY

January, bleak and drear,
First arrival of the year,
Named for Janus,—Janus who,
Fable says, has faces two;
Pray, is that the reason why
Yours is such a fickle sky?
First you smile, and to us bring
Dreams of the returning spring;
Then, without a sign, you frown,
And the snowflakes hurry down,
Making all the landscape white,
Just as if it blanched with fright.
You obey no word or law;
Now you freeze and then you thaw,
Teasing all the brooks that run
With the hope of constant sun,
Chaining all their feet at last
Firm in icy fetters fast.
Month of all months most contrary,
Sweet and bitter January.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

It was, in fact, a cold, leaden January, a succession of days in which it is wise to give up Nature as a bad job, and use to the full the aids and artifices of civilization. E. F. Benson.

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then
Some more rain and snow!

James Whitcomb Riley.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JANUARY

Winter giveth the fields and the trees so old,
  Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
  We must cower over the embers low;
And snugly housed from the wind and the weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

How we are all more or less creatures of Sun, Shadow and Imagination, impressed or depressed by weather!

Mabel Osgood Wright.

Then the North with crimson cheeks
Blew upon the ponds for weeks;
Chilled the waters thro' and thro',
Till the first thin ice-crust grew
Blue and filmy; then, at last,
All the pond was frosted fast,
Prison'd, smooth'd, fetter'd, tight,
Let it struggle as it might.

Robert Williams Buchanan.

Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shews
  More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
  Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man
  bestows.

Robert Burns.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JANUARY

If the wind blows in our domestic world, take it patiently, yield a little before the blast; it will pass by soon, and if we have not suffered ourselves to be drifted from the right course, we are ready to enjoy the calm that follows, and to labor to prevent another.

Mary G. Clarke.

Betwixt the North wind and the Sun arose
A contest, which would soonest of his clothes
Strip a wayfaring clown, so runs the tale.
First, Boreas blows an almost Thracian gale,
Thinking, perforce, to steal the man's capote:
He loosed it not: but as the cold wind smote
More sharply, tighter round him drew the folds,
And sheltered by a crag his station holds.
But now the Sun at first peered gently forth,
And thawed the chills of the uncanny North;
Then in their turn his beams more amply plied,
Till sudden heat the clown's endurance tried;
Stripping himself, away his cloak he flung:
The Sun from Boreas thus a triumph wrung.

The fable means, "My son, at mildness aim:
Persuasion more results than force may claim."

Babrius (First Century, A. D.).

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

Jean Ingelow.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JANUARY

The sun never changes his place; but for us everything depends on whether we live in the daylight, or down in the cellar.

Theodore L. Cuyler.

The northeast wind which then blew bitterly against our faces, awaked the sleeping rheum.

Shakespeare.

We all know about the rheumatic people whose bones ache and whose tempers creak for days before a storm. When the storm finally breaks, they limber up at once and feel better; but something in the preliminary airs—waves of ether, electrical disturbances, one cross-grained atmospheric influence or another—rasps their nerves and strains their powers of self-control. And it is observed that these preliminary distresses come oftentimes in weather that to the eye makes an excellent appearance. Fair-looking days may be full of crotchets and cross words, and rainy ones be temperamentally amiable.

Edward S. Martin.

Our Country (England) must be confessed to be, what a great foreign physician called it, the region of *spleen;* which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year: and how much these effect the heads and hearts especially of the finest tempers, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations.

Sir William Temple.

'Tis drear such moonless nights as these,
Strange sounds are out upon the breeze.

James Russell Lowell.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JANUARY

Said the Wind to the Moon: "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

George Macdonald.

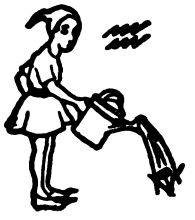
Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cold and gray,"
Then lightly travels on his way.

And when a snowflake leaves a tree,
"Good-day," it says, "Good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my playmates here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a maiden's rosy cheek,
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!"
'Tis summer, and it melts away.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF JANUARY

I watch the snowflakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

The "January thaw" does not always arrive on schedule time. It may come in late December, or not until February. Even though there are no icicles to melt and drip at the eaves, and no snow to slide in mimic avalanche from the steaming roofs, we may know of the thaw's impending arrival by the appearance of its butterfly heralds. Nor is it necessary that the thaw should be a general condition of the weather. I have known a sunny sheltered nook on the south side of the barn to have a little thaw all by itself. William Hamilton Gibson.

The dark edges of the stumps began to exhibit themselves as the snow settled rapidly; the fences of logs and brush, which before had only been traced by long lines of white mounds that ran across the valley and up the mountains, peeped out from their covering; and the black stubs were momentarily becoming more distinct as large masses of snow and ice fell from their sides under the influence of the thaw.

James Fenimore Cooper.

Robin Hood's Wind

Robin Hood's Wind is the name given to the wind which blows over thawing snow. It is so called because Robin Hood said he could stand any wind except a thawing wind.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JANUARY

"If there is no snow before January, there will be the more in March and April."

And when a man of fifty finds his corns
Ache and his joints throb, and foresees a storm,
Though neighbours laugh and say the sky is clear,
Let us henceforth believe him weatherwise.

Robert Browning.

And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence he had learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the south
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say:
"The winds are now devising work for me!"

William Wordsworth.

Hilda's eye, roaming over the folded newspaper, fell on the weather forecast.

"Fair tomorrow," she said, "and colder."

"That doesn't stand for much. They said the same thing yesterday. It's a worse gamble than wheat."

Merwin-Webster.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JANUARY

Proverbs for January

"A favorable January brings us a good year."

"The blackest month in all the year
Is the month of Janiveer."

"As the days begin to lengthen,
Then the cold begins to strengthen."

"If January calends be summery gay,
'Twill be wintry weather till the calends of May."

"If the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year."

If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It does betide a happy year;
But if it chance to snow or rain,
There will be dear all kind of grain;
If clouds or mist do dark the skie,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die;
And if the winds do flie aloft,
Then war shall vexe the kingdome oft.

Old English.

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER

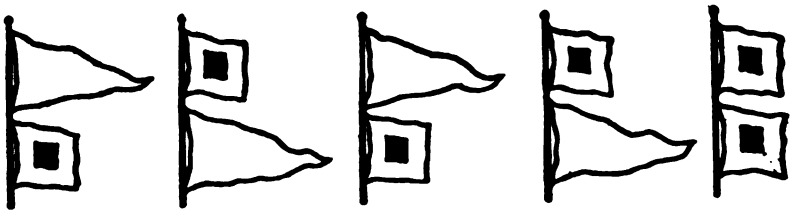
Since the Federal Government of the United States established the present Weather Bureau, in 1891, its Chief may presumably be considered the official "Clerk of the Weather." His position is no sinecure, for, besides forecasting the weather, he issues storm warnings; displays the various weather signals; reports temperature and rainfall conditions; and directs the operation of seacoast telegraph lines, and the transmission of marine intelligence for the benefit of commerce and navigation. To the general public the Weather Bureau is perhaps best known through the medium of its daily forecasts. These forecasts are based upon simultaneous observations of local weather conditions taken daily at 8 a. m. and 8 p.m., seventy-fifth meridian time, at about 190 regular observing stations scattered throughout the United States. The results of the twice-daily observations are immediately telegraphed to the Central Office at Washington, D. C., where they are charted by experts.

Weather Flags.— The weather flags used by the Bureau are five in number and of the forms as follows:

No. 1 Fair Weather | No. 2 Rain or Snow | No. 3 Local Rain or Snow | No. 4 Temperature | No. 5 Cold Wave

No. 1, white; No. 2, blue; No. 3, upper half white, lower half blue; No. 4, black; No. 5, white, with black center.

When No. 4 is placed above No. 1, 2, or 3, it indicates warmer; when below, colder; when No. 4 is not displayed, the temperature is expected to remain about stationary.



No. 1, red pennant, red flag with black center; No. 2, red flag with black center, red pennant; No. 3, white pennant, red flag with black center; No. 4, red flag with black center, white pennant; No. 5, red flags with black centers.

Storm and Hurricane Warnings.—Besides these weather flags, the following storm signals are displayed: A red flag with a black center indicates that a storm of marked violence is expected. The pennants displayed with the flags indicate the direction of the wind: red, easterly; white, westerly.

Two red flags with black centers, displayed one above the other, indicate the expected approach of a tropical hurricane, or one of those extremely severe and dangerous storms which occasionally move across the lakes and northern Atlantic coast.

The conduct of the regular stations of observation outside of Washington requires the constant services of about four hundred and ninety, and the business of the Central Office at Washington of about one hundred and eighty-five employees. The annual disbursements of the Bureau amount to about $1,300,000.

The compiler is indebted to Willis L. Moore, Chief United States Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C., for official information.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF FEBRUARY

This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering Month!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

You have a February face,
So full of frost, and storm, and cloudiness.

Shakespeare.

February comes in like a sturdy country maiden, with a tinge of the hard winter apple on her healthy cheek; and as she strives against the wind, wraps her russet-coloured cloak well about her, while with bent head she keeps throwing back the long hair that blows about her face, and though at times half-blinded by the sleet and snow, still continues her course courageously.

Selected.

Wind in the west; no symptoms of a thaw;
The coldest, bleakest day I ever saw.
And I'm housed up, with nothing much to do
Except to read the papers through and through.

Will Carleton.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
Devised the weather-house, that useful toy!
Fearless of humid air and gathering rains,
Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!
More delicate, his timorous mate retires.
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are best at home.

William Cowper.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Then come into the garden-mud;
To stop indoors all bosh is;
  There is, 'tis true,
  A heavyish dew,—
But we've got on goloshes.

H. C. Pennell.

The Winter nights against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine sprays of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when Summer comes again—
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings,—*By and Bye*,
Walking my lovely garden as of old,
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A million little diamonds
  Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
  "A jewel, if you please!"

But, while they held their hands outstretched
  To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
  And stole them all away.

Mary Frances Butts.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Lo, sifted through the winds that blow,
Down comes the soft and silent snow,
White petals from the flowers that grow
In the cold atmosphere.

George W. Bungay.

While watching the snow fall, you can almost fancy that the flakes are white blossoms shaken from a land of flowers that lies somewhere above the sky; those that touch the river are gone in an instant, while some, as they fall slantways, unite together before they touch the earth. In the view of modern science, under favour of the microscope, snow is one of the most beautiful things in the museum of nature; each particle, when duly magnified, showing a surprising regularity of figure, but various according to the degree of frost by which the snow has been produced.

Selected.

The snow of deepest silence
O'er everything doth fall,
So beautiful and quiet
And yet so like a pall,—
As if all life were ended,
And rest were come to all.

James Russell Lowell.

"If February gives much snow,
A fine summer it doth foreshow."

It was a bitter Sabbath, and the fathers were settling the affairs of the parish ankle deep in snow.

Ian Maclaren.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF FEBRUARY

We sleep, and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window-sill; the broadened sash and frosted pane admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. * * * We see the roofs stand under their snow burden. The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every side; and where were walls and fences, we see fantastic forms stretching in frolic gambols across the dusky landscape, as if nature had strewn her fresh designs over the fields by night as models for man's art.

Henry David Thoreau.

The day was indeed white, as white as three feet of snow and a cloudless St. Valentine's sun could make it. The eye could not look forth without blinking, or veiling itself with tears. The patch of plowed ground on the top of the hill, where the wind had blown the snow away, was as welcome to it as water to a parched tongue. It was the one refreshing oasis in this desert of dazzling light.

John Burroughs.

"Winter's back breaks about the middle of February."

"After twenty years of pastoral experience," says Dr. Cuyler, "I have come to divide all church members into two classes,—fair-weather Christians and storm-proof Christians."

There were only ten persons at the conference meeting last night, and seven of them were women,—he wondered how many weather-proof Christians there are in the parish.

Charles Dudley Warner.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF FEBRUARY

"Yes, the weather on Sundays is always wrong—too hot, too cold, too wet, too cloudy, or too windy. Sunday heats are too exhausting, Sunday rains are so penetrating, Sunday colds so piercing, that no one but the minister and sexton should go out to church."

A Sunday Sign

"When it storms on the first Sunday in the month it is apt to storm every Sunday during that month."

When discussion waxes hot, or conversation lags, the weather often proves to be a timely topic.

Each individual suffering a constraint,
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint;
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry,
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection and well-timed discourse.

William Cowper.

I particularly did not wish to precipitate anything, and there are moments when a mere remark about the weather will do it.

Sara Jeannette Duncan.

He greeted me courteously, and after he had spoken of the weather and the promise of the sky, he mentioned, incidentally, that he was going to Paris.

Robert Neilson Stephens.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF FEBRUARY

F. Hopkinson Smith, in his excellent delineation of a life-saving crew, remarks:—"Work is the universal topic; the weather is too serious a subject to chatter about lightly."

(A selection from "An Ode to the Rain," composed before daylight on the morning appointed for the departure of a very worthy, but not very pleasant, visitor, whom it was feared the rain might detain.)

O Rain! that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,
For breaking thus my needful rest!
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for want of sleep.

* * * * * * *

Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
Though you should come again tomorrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow,
Though stomach should sicken and knees should swell—
I'll nothing speak of you but well.
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge.

Shakespeare.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF FEBRUARY

When seasons change, then lay before thine eys
His wondrous method; mark the various scenes
In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow and ice,
Calmes, tempests, light and darkness by his means.

Henry Vaughan.

At a critical epoch in the ancient history of the Hebrews, hail was one of the plagues of Egypt.

A whirl-blast from behind the hill
Rush'd o'er the wood with startling sound;
Then, all at once, the air was still,
And showers of hailstones patter'd round.

William Wordsworth.

A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,—
A hard, dull bitterness of cold.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

The night is dark, the stinging sleet,
Swept by the bitter gusts of air,
Drives whistling down the lonely street,
And stiffens on the pavement bare.

The street-lamps flare and struggle dim,
Through the white sleet-clouds as they pass,
Or, governed by a boisterous whim,
Drop down and rattle on the glass.

James Russell Lowell.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Proverbs for February

The tendency of this month to be wet and its uncertain temperature as hovering between winter and spring are expressed proverbially:—

"February fill the dyke
Either with black or white."

"A' the months o' the year
Curse a fair Februeer."

"If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule."

Farmers in the Middle States give the name of "Ground-hog Day" to Candlemas. It is the day when the ground-hog stretches himself and comes out of his hole to look for his shadow. If he finds it,—that is to say, if the sun be shining so that the woodchuck casts a shadow, he hurries back to his hole and to sleep again, knowing that there is but a temporary change in the weather. But if the sky be overcast and the day cold and cheerless, and the ground-hog casts no shadow, then he disports himself, for he knows winter is over.

THE UMBRELLA

It ain't no use puttin' up yer umbrell' till it rains.

Alice Hegan Rice.

Formerly regarded as an emblem of royalty or a mark of distinction, the umbrella dates its origin back to very remote times in the far East. In ancient Greece, we are told, its use was familiar among women for protection from the sun, and it is thus represented in vase-paintings and terra-cottas, and also among the sculptures of Egypt. From Greece and Rome it was introduced into Italy in the seventeenth century, and it is probable that a similar contrivance existed at the same period in Spain and Portugal whence it was taken to the New World.

Used at first in England as a luxurious sunshade, it was not until the eighteenth century that it served as a defense from rain or snow. One Jonas Hanway is recorded to be the first Englishman *who made a practise of using an umbrella while walking about the streets of London, in 1750. From a passage in Drayton, we may infer, at first, it was composed exteriorly of feathers, in imitation of the plumage of water-birds. Afterward, oiled silk was the ordinary material. It is interesting to note that the umbrella was originally formed and carried in a fashion the* reverse *of what now obtains. It had a ring at the top, by which it was usually carried on the finger when furled (and by which it could be hung up within doors), the wooden handle terminating in a rounded point to rest on the ground.*

During the reign of Queen Anne, the umbrella appears to have been in common use as a screen from rain, but only for the

weaker sex. Although the "Rainy Day Club" is a modern organization of dames, the poet Gay depicts the women of his time as being equally well equipped against inclement weather.

"Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise:
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When Eastern monarchs shew their state abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid."

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MARCH

"I Martius am! Once first, and now the third!
To lead the Year was my appointed place;
A mortal dispossessed me by a word,
And set there Janus with the double face.
Hence I make war on all the human race:
I shake the cities with my hurricanes,
I flood the rivers, and their banks efface,
And drown the farms and hamlets with my rains."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
Into the world with a stir and a din,
The north wind, the east wind, and west wind together,
Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild weather.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

"There is a familiar saying that "March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb."

March came in blustering and stormy, and one afternoon * * * that chilly damp wind, which is the bad temper of New York weather, became suddenly distressing and severe.

Amelia E. Barr.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

William Cullen Bryant.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MARCH

I have always said that if March could be cut out of our northern climate, as the core is cut out of an apple, I should be quite satisfied with eleven months, instead of twelve. I think it might prolong one's youth.

Owen Wister.

Ah, March! we know thou art kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats, and, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

Helen Hunt Jackson.

The wind of March has the call of the sea
(O wings of the wind, do they never tire?)—
It hurries the cloud and it harries the tree
With the flutter and roar of a leaping fire.

Sara K. Wiley.

It makes us cough and choke and wheeze,
With painful back and aching knees;
With dire discomfort 'tis replete,
O Wind of March!

J. Ashby-Sterry.

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them—
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your forehead tan;
You'll be ragged and swarthy and weary,
But you'll walk like a man.

Hamlin Garland.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MARCH

When our forefathers repeated the old proverb which says, "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," did they mean, we wonder, that its value lay in loosening and drying the earth, and making it fit to till? In the old gardening books, a dry day in March is always recommended for putting seed into the ground.

Selected.

In March come the March winds,
  They blow and blow,
But just what they come for
  I hardly know;
  A heigh-ho!

In March come the March winds,
  They blow and blow,
They sweep up the brown leaves
  That green ones may grow;
  Aha! a heigh-ho!

G. W. Houghton.

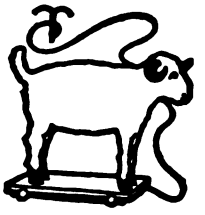
In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 'tis the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

It is now almost the ides of March. The winter still rules the landscape, and the fact may yet be emphasized by a snow-storm or a blizzard, for the almanac gives Boreas a few days more for mischief.

William Hamilton Gibson.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF MARCH

"As it rains in March, so it rains in June."

A driving, northwesterly storm succeeded; and before the sun was set, every vestige of spring had vanished; the lake, the mountains, the village and the fields being again hid under one dazzling coat of snow.

James Fenimore Cooper.

When the blizzard comes a-blizzing
And a-sizzing down our way,
Setting all our heads a-whizzing,
As it did but yesterday,
How we quivered,
How we shivered,
When the streets with slush were kivered!
Winter ruled us;
Spring had fooled us,
For the jade was far away.

Selected.

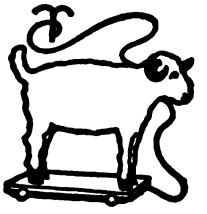
In blustering March the wild winds blow,
We think of coming spring;
The Pussy-willow ventures out—
Brave, hardy little thing.

Selected.

It is the first mild day of March,
Each minute sweeter than before;
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

William Wordsworth.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF MARCH

Pussy-willow in fur comes dressed,
A wintry Pussy she,
Yet wears 'neath her silvery vest
A spring robe fair to see.
But will not open the warm fur
That softly doth envelope her,
Pretty Pussy-willow!

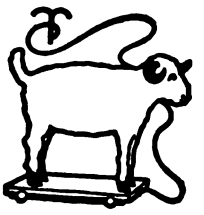
Pussy-willow doth find it cold,
And prudent Pussy she,
While the winds are strong and cold,
Keeps wrapped up cosily;
And waits for some warm summer day,
Her yellow garment to betray,
Pretty Pussy-willow! Selected.

The melted snow of March, the willow
Sending forth its yellow-green sprouts,
For springtime is here! Walt Whitman.

Spring knocks at winter's frosty door:
In boughs by wild March breezes swayed
The bonnie bluebirds sing once more. Selected.

"Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves
And charms them into tasseling."

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF MARCH

March! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind,—
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming;
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets, hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

Lucy Larcom.

Though stars in skies may disappear
And angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather.
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyful morrow,
So dawning day has brought relief,—
Farewell our night of sorrow.

Robert Burns.

Blow, blow, March winds, blow!
Blow us April, if you please.
Blow away the cold white snow,
Blow the leaves out on the trees.
Blow the ice from off the brooks,
Blow dead leaves from woodsy nooks,
Show the violets to me.
Do all this; 'twill be but play;
Then—please to blow yourself away!

Annie Willis McCullough.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MARCH

A little bit of blowing,
A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing,
And crocuses will show.
On every thing that's lonely a new green leaf will spring;
On every patient tree-top a thrush will stop and sing.

A little bit of sleeting,
A little bit of rain,
The blue, blue sky for greeting,
A snowdrop come again.
And every frozen hillside its gift of grass will bring,
And every day of winter another day of spring.

Carolyn S. Bailey.

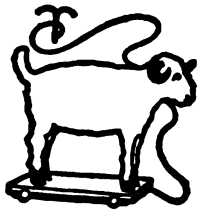
A March Lullaby

Just before the spring's first call,
Sleepy bud, so round and small,
In the tree-top swinging,
(Rather rough you're rocking, dear,)
One last lullaby you hear;
'Tis the March wind singing,—
Rock-a-bye baby upon the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
Just one little nap more, for here comes the rain,
To wake up the rock-a-bye baby again.

Olive M. Long.

"A dry March never begs its bread."

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF MARCH

Proverbs for March

"A peck of March dust is worth a King's ransom."

"March damp and warm will do the farmer much harm."

"March flowers make no summer bowers."

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody. Shakespeare.

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.
Shakespeare.

"March winds and April showers
Soon will bring the sweet May flowers."

When the wind is in the east
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

Isaak Walton.

ALMANACS

To watch the storms, and hear the sky
Give all our almanacs the lie. *William Cowper.*

The Saxons used to engrave upon certain squared sticks about a foot in length, the courses of the moons of the whole year, whereby they could tell with certainty when the changes of the moon occurred, also their festival days. Such a carved stick they called an al-mon-aght, *meaning al-moon-heed, and hence is derived the name of almanac.*

The history of written almanacs has been traced to the second century, when the Greeks of Alexandria constructed them. From Oxford, the seat of British science during the Middle Ages, the standard almanacs emanated; for instance, that of John Somers, published in 1380, and others. Almanacs in manuscript are not uncommon; in the library at Lambeth Palace there is one dated 1460, which contains a table of eclipses for twenty years.

The first almanac known to have been printed in England was the Sheapheards Kalendar, *translated from the French and published by Richard Pynson in 1497. Almanacs, though common on the continent before the end of the fifteenth century, were not in general use in England until a century later. Skilful mathematicians were employed in constructing the astronomical part of the almanacs, but the astrologers supplied the supposed planetary influences, and the predictions as to the weather, and other interesting matters which were required to render them attractive to the popular mind. A humourous almanac entitled* Poor Robin *first appeared in 1663, for the benefit of the sceptics who ridiculed*

celestial science. Robert Herrick, the poet, is said to have assisted in its composition; and as a specimen of his humour in prose, under January, we are told that "there will be much frost and cold weather in Greenland." The following year, John Evelyn published the first Gardener's Almanac, *containing directions for the employment of each month. This was dedicated to Cowley, who acknowledged the compliment in one of his best poems, "The Garden."*

An elegy, written by Swift, on the supposed death of John Partridge, the almanac-maker, brought the latter notably before the public. The Vox Stellarum *of Francis Moore was the most successful of the predicting almanacs.*

The Ladies' Diary, *published in 1704, by John Tipper, a schoolmaster at Coventry, containing versified enigmas, receipts for cooking and preserving, and biographies of celebrated women, became so popular that the* Gentleman's Diary *was brought out in 1741, as a rival publication. A century later, they were incorporated together.*

In 1733, Benjamin Franklin, under the fictitious name of Richard Saunders, published in Philadelphia the first number of his almanac, which he continued for twenty-five years. It was commonly called Poor Richard's Almanac, *and contained the usual astronomical information, "besides many pleasant and witty verses, jests and sayings." A collection of its proverbs under the title of "The Way to Wealth" had an immense circulation in America and England.*

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF APRIL

A gush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

When April, one day, was asked whether
She *could* make reliable weather,
She laughed till she cried,
And said, "Bless you, I've tried,
But the things will get mixed up together."

Jessie McDermott.

'Tain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather, and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Of all the months a woman; in her ways
As changeful as the lights which flick and flash
From off the facets of the diamond.

Heather Bigg.

Moses would as soon have questioned the seasons or the weather as Cynthia's changes of moods,—which were indeed the weather for him; and when storms came, he sat with his back to them, waiting for the sunshine.

Winston Churchill.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF APRIL

Every tear is answered by a blossom,
  Every sigh with songs and laughter blent,
Apple-blooms upon the breezes toss them,
  April knows her own, and is content.

Susan Coolidge.

The black-caps pipe among the reeds,
  And there'll be rain to follow;
There is a murmur as of wind
  In every coign and hollow.
The wrens do chatter of their fears
  While swinging on the barley-ears.

Amélie Rives.

It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining daffodils,
In every dimpled drop I see
  Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day
  And overwhelm the town—
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
  But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
  May find a bed and room—
A health unto the happy,
  A fig for him who frets,—
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining violets.

Robert Loveman.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF APRIL

So have I seen in April's bud arise
A fleet of clouds sailing along the skies;
The liquid region with their squadrons filled,
Their airy sterns the sun behind doth gild,
And gentle gales them steer, and heaven drives
When all on sudden their calm bosom rives,
With thunder and lightning from each armed cloud;
Shepherds themselves in vain in bushes shroud.

Andrew Marvell.

Cloud and sun together make the year,
Without some storms no rainbows could appear.

Selected.

A fragment of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All bright and clear to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind,
So will our joys and griefs appear,
When earth has ceased to blind.

H. Kemble.

A modern novelist has described a rainbow as "that section of aerial watermelon." It has also been called, "God's illumined promise," by Longfellow; "God's glowing covenant," by Ballou; "Bright pledge of peace and sunshine," by Vaughan; "The smiling daughter of the storm," by Colton.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF APRIL

Fairy Umbrellas

The wet east wind had called to the rain,
"Come down, little drops, to the April flowers;"
And over the grass and the sleeping grain
And into the streets they swept in showers.

They tapped at each door and called, "Come up;
For the bleak cold wind and the snow are gone;
Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup,
And the grass is carpeting all the lawn."

But the fairies that lived in the quiet wood,
All wore their new spring bonnets that day;
So they raised their umbrellas as quick as they could,
And under the trees went trooping away.

And the people said, when they saw them there,
The fairy umbrellas out in the rain,
"O Spring has come so sweet and so fair,
For there are those odd little toadstools again."

G. Packard Du Bois.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF APRIL

By red, green, blue, which sometimes paint the air,
Guilt, pardon, heaven, the rainbow doth declare.

Holyday.

'Tis the noon of the springtime, yet never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;
Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots;
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers!
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Now the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill!
All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain;
Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
Sudden sun and clatter-patter!

Mary Mapes Dodge.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF APRIL

Come up, April, through the valley,
In your robe of beauty drest,
Come and wake your flowery children
From their winter beds of rest.
Come and overblow them softly
With the warm breath of the South;
Drop upon them warm and loving
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

Phoebe Cary.

Then is there anything like a perfect April morning? One hardly knows what the sentiment of it is! something very delicious. It is youth and hope. It is a new earth and a new sky. * * * The great sun appears to have been reburnished, and there is something in his first glance above the eastern hills and the way his eye-beams dart right and left and smite the rugged mountains into gold, that quickens the pulse and inspires the heart.

John Burroughs.

April mornings, rich and rare,
Sunrise glory in the air,
Birds of song are on the wing;—
Oh, the melodies they bring!

All the hosts of growing things
Feel a stirring as of wings,
And are wakened from their dreams
By the warm and sunny gleams
Of April sunshine in the air;—
Springtime's splendor everywhere.

Benjamin Leggett.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF APRIL

The chequered April day was declining, and the dipping sun was flooding the western plain with quiet light. Rooks were circling round the hill, filling the air with long-drawn sound. A cuckoo was calling on a tree near at hand, and the evening was charged with spring scents—scents of leaf and grass, of earth and rain.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

There are no days in the whole round year more delicious than those which often come to us in the latter half of April. On these days, one goes forth in the morning, and finds an Italian warmth brooding over the hills, taking visible shape in a glittering mist of silvered azure, with which mingles the smoke from many bonfires. The sun trembles in his own soft rays, till one understands the old English tradition, that he dances on Easter Day.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

And then the hot days, all at once,
They came, we knew not how:
You looked for shade, when scarce
A leaf was on a bough.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Now clap your hands together,
For this is April weather,
And love again is born;
The west wind is caressing,
The turf your feet are pressing
Is thrilling to the morn.

John Burroughs.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF APRIL

Proverbs for April

"If it thunders on All Fool's Day,
It brings good crops of corn and hay."

"A cold April
The barn will fill."

"An April flood
Carries away the frog and his brood."

If the oak precede the ash,
We shall have both rain and splash;
If the ash precede the oak,
We shall have both fire and smoke;
But if they both come out together,
We shall then have lovely weather.

Old Rhyme.

Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frosts of May nip his blossoms.

Francis Quarles.

"When April blows his horn,
It's good for both hay and corn."

THE WEATHER-VANE

"A vane warn't never known
Nor asked to hev a jedgment of its own,
An' yit, ef 'tain't gut rusty in the jints,
It's safe to trust its say on certin pints:
It knows the wind's opinions to a T,
An' the wind settles wut the weather'll be."

James Russell Lowell.

The invention of the vane, or weathercock, must have been of very early date. On towers, castles and secular buildings, its usual form was that of a banner; but on churches it generally represented the male of the barn-yard fowl, presumably as an emblem of clerical vigilance. But apart from symbolism, the large tail of the cock was well adapted to turn with the wind.

Many churches have for a vane the emblem of the saints to whom they are dedicated; thus, St. Peter's, London, is surmounted with a key; St. Laurence's, a gridiron; while St. Sepulchre's Church has four pinnacles, each with a vane, which led Howell to say: "Unreasonable people are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's tower, which never looked all four upon one point of the heavens."

THE WEATHERCOCK'S COMPLAINT

No wonder he creaks as the winds go by,
No wonder he turns with a misty sigh;
How would you like a living earning
By turning — turning — turning?
Or to stand all your life with a pole for a base
And the winds of all weathers to blow in your face?

"Creak, creak, creak," we hear him say,
"Tomorrow will be like today,—
Now to the east, now to the west—
One never has any quiet or rest;
An hour of sunshine, another of rain,
It's nothing but turning and turning again."

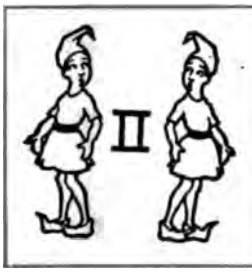
"Creak, creak, creak," the weathercock growls,
"I think I'm the most ill-used of fowls;
I never foretold bad weather yet
But you went in while I got wet;
Say what you may, I don't think it's right
To keep me twisting from morning to night."

Selected.

If I change with all the winds that blow,
It is only because they made me so,
And people would think it wondrous strange
If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF MAY

Blithe little bird in the maple tree swinging,
My heart echoes softly the song you are singing;
It tells me the woods have put on their adorning,
And have sent me a welcome this sunny May morning.
For sunshine alone doesn't make the May weather;
'Tis the woodland and song and singer together.

Selected.

"May day and June day,
Spring and summer weather,
Going to rain; going to clear;
Trying both together.
Flowers are coming! No, they're not,
While the air's so chilly;
First it's cold, then it's hot—
Isn't weather silly?"

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind;
Or if, o'er-confident, she trusts the date,
And, with her handful of anemones,
Herself as shivery, steals into the sun,
The season need but turn his hour-glass round,
And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan distrusted front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard all overblown.

James Russell Lowell.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MAY

The new-born May,
As cradled in April's lap she lay.
  Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
  Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

Erasmus Darwin.

Stormy little February
Muttered, "Horrid world this, very."
March rushed in all cross and weeping,
"Dirty world,—needs lots of sweeping."
April murmured, "S'pose I try
To put sunshine in that sky."
May thought, as the leaves uncurled,
"What a very lovely world!"

J. M. L.

Why It Was Cold in May

The Year had all the Days in charge,
  And promised them that they
Should each one see the World in turn,
  But ten Days ran away!
Ten Days that should have gone abroad
  Some time in early May—
So, when May came, and all was fair,
  These Days were sent to bed,
And ten good Winter Days were sent
  To see the World instead.

Henrietta Robins Eliot.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MAY

A little rain and a little sun
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about;—
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

Selected.

A great deal that is poetical has been written by English people about May Day, and the impression left on the foreign mind is an impression of posies, and garlands, and village greens, and youths and maibons much be-ribboned, and lambs, and general friskiness. I was in England once on a May Day, and we sat over the fire shivering and listening blankly to the northeast wind tearing down the street and the rattling of the hail against the windows, and the friends with whom I was staying said it was very often so, and that they had never seen any lambs and ribbons.

Countess von Arnim.

The times have changed since Milton sang. Modern America knows not the gentle glories of May Day. The courier of the fifth month means a moving of household goods and chattels, rather than any seeking of wild flowers, "fresh with the dew of dawning spring."

Warwick James Price.

"A little rent in a cloud that shows
A shining promise of sweet intent,
Is a very good sign as far as it goes;
But oh, I wonder if any one knows
Of a sign of a flat, with a little rent?"

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MAY

This is just the weather, a wet May and blowing,
All the shining shimmering leaves tossing low and high,
When my father used to say: "'Twill be the great mowing!
God's weather 's good weather, be it wet or dry."

Now 'tis just the weather, a wild May and weeping,
How the blackbird sang and sang 'mid the tossing leaves!
When my father used to say: "'Twill be the great reaping,—
God sends fine weather to carry home the sheaves!"

Katherine Tynan.

What's the use of worrying
About the heat and cold?
Nature won't be hurrying
Because we fuss and scold.
When it rains it always stops,—
Care we needn't borrow;
Yet, I'll be as mad as hops
If it rains tomorrow.

Selected.

May shall make the world anew;
Golden sun and silver dew,
Money minted in the sky,
Shall the earth's new garments buy.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

"W'en de puddle-duck 'e leave de pon',
En start t' comb 'e fedder,
Den yo' bettah take yo' umberel,
Kase deys gwine tubbee wet wedder."

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MAY

Dewdrops are the Gems of Morning,
But the Tears of dewy Eve!
Where no Hope is, Life's a warning,
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

How many maids have more or less surreptitiously washed their pretty faces in the morning's dew? That May-dew dispels freckles and bestows lasting beauty, is a belief as old—well, certainly as Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, where the custom has been observed for ages. In the day of the genial Pepys every one who was any one, as well as a many who were nobodies in particular, did as much.

Warwick James Price.

Rain—rain—rain—rain—for three good ~~solid~~ fluid weeks—
Till the air swims, and all creation leaks!
And street-cars furnish still less room to spare,
And hackmen several times have earned their fare.
The omnibuses lumber through the din,
And carry clay outside as well as in;
The elevated trains, with jerky care,
Haul half-way comfort through the dripping air;
The gutters gallop past the liquid scene,
As brisk as meadow brooks, though not so clean;
What trees the city keeps for comfort's sake,
Are shedding tears as if their hearts would break;
And water tries to get, by storming steady,
That fourth of all the world it hasn't already.

Will Carleton.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF MAY

Who Likes the Rain?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft cool mud. Quack! Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I,"
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry;"
And she lifted a tousled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Purred the tree-toad at his gray back door,
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big, big river I grew to be,
And could find my way out to the sea."

Clara Doty Bates.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There are crimson buds and white and blue,
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossom, where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

Thomas Hood.

For, after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Rainbow Colours

First the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green.
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd: and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deepen'd Indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.

James Thomson.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.

Thomas Moore.

Proverbs for May

"Change not a clout
Till May be out."

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay."

"Mist in May and heat in June
Make the harvest right soon."

"May, full of cold and rain,
Much straw and little grain."

"A cold May brings no riches."

"A hot May makes a fat churchyard."

"Unlucky are the wives that wed in May."

"May borrows ten days from March
To kill off cattle and old people."

"Weddings of May, weddings of death."

AERIAL INSTRUMENTS

"If the barometer and thermometer both rise together,
It is a sure sign of coming fair weather."

The invention of the thermometer and barometer by Galileo, about the year 1600, marked the beginning of accurate meteorology and of the scientific investigation of the atmosphere.

Thermometer from the Greek, meaning "heat-measurer," is an instrument for determining the temperatures of bodies.

There are several kinds in which the scale of figures is made differently. That commonly used in the United States and Great Britain is called Fahrenheit's thermometer, because it was brought into use by a man of that name, in Holland, about 1720; the freezing point is marked 32 and the boiling point 212. In the Centigrade thermometer, which is used on the continent, the freezing point is 0, and the boiling point 100 degrees.

The barometer, which was really invented by Torricelli, a pupil of Galileo, is used in determining the pressure of the atmosphere. It is the simplest sort of an instrument, but of the greatest use in all kinds of scientific work.

The greatest fault of the mercurial instrument is the difficulty of transporting it without breakage, and without destroying the vacuum in the upper part of the tube by the admission of air-bubbles.

The aneroid barometer, although not nearly so accurate as the mercurial instrument, possesses the advantage of portability, since, as its name signifies, it does not contain any liquid. It consists of a round, metallic, air-tight vacuum case, somewhat like a watch,

the lid of which, held by metallic springs inside, rises and falls by the pressure of the atmosphere. By some simple machinery, this rise and fall is made to turn the pointers on the index from "Fair" to "Change," "Storm" to "Cyclones" and "Tempests" as the conditions may be.

The barometer falls lower for high winds than for heavy rain.

"When the glass falls low,
Prepare for a blow;
When it rises high,
Let all your kites fly."

The Weather Bureau stations, besides being equipped with mercurial barometers, thermometers, wind-vanes, rain and snow-gages, also use the anemometer, an instrument which counts off each mile of wind; the sunshine recorder, which automatically registers the duration of sunshine; the barograph, which is continuously registering on paper the weight or pressure of the air; and other devices which furnish a record of the local weather conditions and changes as they occur.

If the station is provided with a telethermograph, the visitor will be surprised by the ingenious mechanism employed in this instrument, which transmits from the roof down to the office the report of the temperature of the outside air from minute to minute, and from day to day.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JUNE

God offers us yearly a necklace of twelve pearls; most men choose the fairest, label it June, and cast the rest away.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

June steps forth in all her glory,
June, the queen of all the year,
June, the theme of song and story,
June, the bringer of good cheer;
Garlanded with full-blown flowers,
Dressed in green of many shades,
With her sunshine warm and balmy,
Flooding meadows, vales, and glades.

Selected.

Who loves not more the night of June
Than cold December's gloomy noon!

Sir Walter Scott.

Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights,
The mower's scythe makes music to my ear;
I am the Mother of all fair delights;
I am the fairest daughter of the year.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JUNE

"It's a beautiful day," said Whittaker. * * * "Yes, nice day," growled Adams, "but a weather-breeder."

Edward Eggleston.

It was very early the next morning—a time of sun and dew. The confused beginnings of many bird-songs spread into the healthy air, and the wan blue of the heaven was here and there coated with thin webs of incorporeal cloud when even of no effect in obscuring day.

Thomas Hardy.

Plump little baby clouds
  Dimpled and soft,
Rock in their air-cradles
  Swinging aloft.

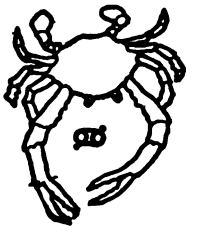
Great snowy mother clouds,
  Broad bosoms white,
Watch o'er the baby clouds
  Slumbering light.

Tired little baby clouds
  Dreaming of fears,
Turn in their air-cradles,
  Dropping soft tears.

Great brooding mother clouds,
  Watching o'er all,
Let their warm mother tears
  Tenderly fall.

Unknown.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF JUNE

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
All chequer'd was the sky,
Their clouds like scraps of cobweb lawn
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

Michael Drayton.

By this time, the sun had gone down, and was tinting the clouds toward the zenith with those bright hues which are not seen there until sometime after sunset, and when the horizon has quite lost its richer brilliancy. The moon, too, which had long been climbing overhead, and unobtrusively melting its disc into the azure,—like an ambitious demagogue, who hides his aspiring purpose by assuming the prevalent hue of popular sentiment,—now began to shine out, broad and oval, in its middle pathway.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The man in the moon
Who sails through the sky
Is a most courageous skipper;
Yet he made a mistake
When he tried to take
A drink of milk from the Dipper.
He dipped it into the "Milky Way,"
And slowly, cautiously filled it;
But the Great Bear growled,
And the Little Bear howled
And scared him so that he spilled it.

"St. Nicholas."

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JUNE

What is more gentle than a wind in summer?

John Keats.

Hushed be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boisterous limbs of noisy Boreas, and the sharp-pointed nose of bitter-biting Eurus. Do thou, sweet Zephyrus, rising from thy fragrant bed, mount the western sky, and lead on those delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews.

Henry Fielding.

O the South Wind and the Sun!
How each loved the other one—
Full of fancy—full of folly—
Full of jollity and fun!
How they romped and ran about,
Like two boys when school is out,
With glowing face and lisping lip,
Low laugh and lifted shout!

James Whitcomb Riley.

Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Thomas Gray.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
Your honey-drops; press not to smell them here:
When they are ripe, their odors will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

George Herbert.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JUNE

Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain!
Too much sun will wither thee.
'Twill shine again;
The clouds are very black 'tis true,
But just behind them shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain!
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.

Mary Frances Butts.

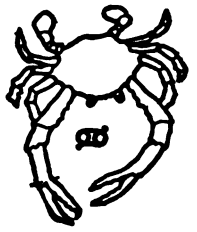
Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Phoebe Gary.

And if people happen to be lovers, what can be so delightful, in England, as a rainy morning? English sunshine is dubious; bonnets are never quite secure; and if you sit down on the grass, it may lead to catarrhs. But the rain is to be depended on. You gallop through it in a mackintosh, and presently find yourself in the seat you like best—a little above or below the one on which your goddess sits * * * with a satisfactory confidence that there will be no lady-callers.

George Eliot.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF JUNE

Mark the rain that falls from above, and the same shower that droppeth out of one cloud increaseth sundry plants in a garden, and severally, according to the condition of every plant; in one stalk it maketh a rose, in another a violet, divers in a third, and sweetening all.

F. F. French.

Nature has no kindness, no hospitality, during a rain. In the fiercest heat of sunny days she retains a secret mercy and welcomes the wayfarer to shady nooks of the woods whither the sun cannot penetrate. But she provides no shelter against her storms. It makes us shiver to think of those deep umbrageous recesses, those overshadowing banks where we found such enjoyment during the sultry afternoons. Not a twig of foliage there but would dash a little shower into our faces. * * * In such spells of weather—and it is to be supposed such weather came—Eve's bower in Paradise must have been but a cheerless and aguish kind of shelter. * * * The idea of sleeping on a couch of wet roses!

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skyey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

"It never clouds up in a June night for rain."

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JUNE

You have marked the lightning of the sky just above the horizon when clouds are about to break up and disappear. Whatever name you gave it you would hardly improve on that of the "weather-gleam," which in some of our dialects it bears.

F. F. French.

Look! look! that vivid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the Earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof.

Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling,
And crashing and crumbling—
Will silence return nevermore?

James Russell Lowell.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JUNE

Signs of Fair and Foul Weather

The old remark about a ruddy evening and a grey morning (alluded to in the gospel of St. Matthew) as indicating good weather, meets full approval; as also that a red sky in the morning foretells bad weather, or much rain, if not wind.

"Evening red and morning grey
Cheers the traveller on his way;
Evening grey and morning red
Brings down rain upon his head."

When clouds have a soft and delicate appearance, fair weather may be looked for; when they are hard and ragged, wind is to be expected.

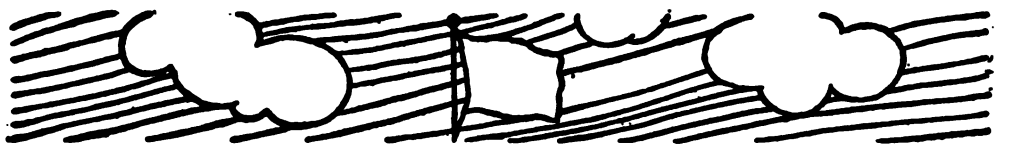
Misty clouds forming or hanging on heights show wind and rain coming, if they remain or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine.

"Mackerel scales and mare's tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails."

"A mackerel sky
Not twenty-four hours dry."

When you see the ground covered with spider-webs which are wet with dew, and there is no dew on the ground, it is a sign of rain before night, for the spiders are putting up umbrellas; but others say when the spiders put out their sunshades it will be a hot day.

Edward B. Garriott.



WHY THE SKY IS BLUE

O blue sky! it mindeth me
Of places where I used to see
Its vast unbroken circle thrown
From the far pale peaked hill
Out to last verge of ocean—
As by God's arm it were done
Then for the first time, with the emotion
Of that first impulse on it still.

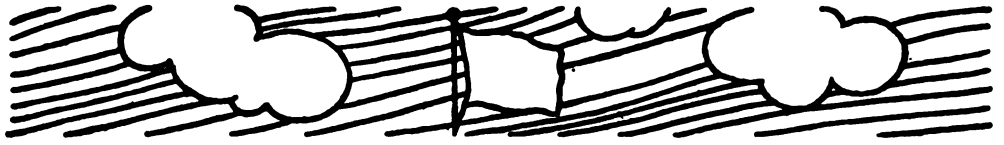
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The blue sky which is so grandly arched above our heads was supposed by the ancient Greeks to be a solid substance, spread above the earth at an immense height, in which the sun, moon and stars were set like diamonds in a ring.

Scientists tell us that owing to lack of atmosphere, the moon can have no blue sky, nothing but a dead black canopy against which the blazing sun must stand out with a far more dazzling brilliancy and greater intensity of heat than has ever been observed on the earth.

If it were not for the atmosphere which envelopes this globe, our sky would also look black; for, in reality, the sky is nothing more than the air we breathe.

Instead of the solid arch, towering so many thousand miles above us, where our childish fancy put it, the blue sky is nothing but the color of the ocean of air in which we live and move; and as to the distance from us, it is all within three or four miles. The sun's light radiates in straight lines; but when it strikes our atmosphere, it is diffused and scattered at all angles, so that aside from



the direct rays of the sun, we have beams reflected to us from all quarters of the sky. Even after the sun sets, these rays are reflected from the upper air near the horizon, giving us twilight which lasts two hours in summer time and an hour and a half in winter in this latitude.

It is now the generally accepted opinion that the diffusion of the sun's light is due to minute drops of water and tiny particles of dust in the air which reflects the light.

That the blue color of the sky is owing to moisture in our atmosphere is apparently confirmed by the intensity of the color during the moist weather of summer when compared with the sky of the more dry weather of winter.

In reference to this subject, John A. Van Dyke says:—"Even the clearest atmosphere has some coloring about it. Usually it is an indefinable blue. Air-blue means the most delicate of all colors—something not of surface depth, but of transparency builded up of superimposed strata of air many miles perhaps in thickness. This air-blue is seen at its best in the gorges of the Alps and in the mountain distances of Scotland."

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JULY

"July, God send thee calm and fayre,
That happy harvest we may see."

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

Susan Hartley Swett.

The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks.

William Cullen Bryant.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent
Like keys of some great instrument.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JULY

It was a moonlit night—just such a night as that must have been in which young Lorenzo and pretty Jessica, in the Belmont glades, tried to "outnight" each other with all the classic tales of lovers' histories they could recall from Troilus down, making the final poem on moonlight for all time.

Thomas Nelson Page.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise—in such a night,
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Shakespeare.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JULY

Think, every morning, when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Good night, pretty Sun, good night!
I've watched your purple and golden light
While you are sinking away;
And some one has just been telling me
You're making o'er the shining sea
Another beautiful day;
That just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children there are taking a peep
At your face;—beginning to say,
"Good morning!" just when I say "good night!"
Now beautiful Sun, if they've told me right,
I wish you'd say good morning for me
To all the little ones over the sea.

Sydney Dayre.

We scorch amid the blaze of day,
When Noontide's fiery-tressèd minion
Flashes the fervid ray.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JULY

Girl-Wind

A Hurly-Burly-hurl-wind
  Is hurrying o'er the waves;
Before it runs the Girl-wind
  Fresh up from the Ocean caves.
She's the little puff who goes before
  To tell of the blow that's coming,
She sounds like a hive when winter's o'er
  And you hear the bees a-humming.

Charles Godfrey Leland.

July in the City

Life was worth living in the days of June,
  But now we swelter 'neath a brazen sky—
  It was to be expected — 'tis July,
And junkmen's sweet bells jangle out of tune,
Thro' sweltering morn and blazing afternoon;
  "Is't hot enough for you?" they madly cry;
  The wealthy ones have taken good care to fly
To mountain top, cool vale and sandy dune.

I revel in the manufactured breeze
  Produced by the cafe's electric fan
That hits the weather squarely in the jaw;
So here I take my philosophic ease,
  And, with good luck to every fellow man,
Absorb the julep through a golden straw.

Eugene Geary.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JULY

Dis is gospel weathah sho' —
  Hills is sawt o' hazy,
Meddahs level ez a flo'
  Callin' to de lazy.
Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,
  Sunshine softly gleamin',
D' ain't no wuk hit's right to do,
  Nothin's right but dreamin'.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Too hot to sleep, too hot to lie,
Too hot to laugh, too hot to cry,
Too hot to stand, too hot to sit,
Too hot to sew, too hot to knit,
Too hot to ride, too hot to walk,
Too hot to read, too hot to talk,
Too hot to eat, too hot to drink,
Too hot to write, too hot to think,
Too hot to scold, too hot to tease,
Too hot to cough, too hot to sneeze,
Too hot to play, too hot to sing,
Too hot, too hot, for anything.

Selected.

The thunder boomed from cloudy ridge to ridge,
  Trailing the terror of sonorous arms,
Making the lightning for his wrath a bridge,
  Planting his banner on the heights of storms.

Madison Julius Cawein.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JULY

Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

Washington Irving.

A rainbow painted on a thunder-cloud,
That faints away with the ascending sun.

Frederick Tennyson.

The Rainbow Fairies

Two little clouds one summer day
  Went flying through the sky.
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
  And both began to cry.
Old Father Sun looked out and said,
  "Oh, never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
  To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
  And one in indigo,
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red,—
  They made a pretty row.
They wiped the cloud-tears all away
  And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made
  They hung their gowns to dry.

Lizzie M. Hadley.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JULY

After noontide, the clouds, which had traversed the east
Half the day, gathered closer, and rose and increased.
The air changed and chilled. As though out of the ground,
There ran up the trees a confused hissing sound,
And the wind rose.
* * * Ere long,
Thick darkness descended the mountains among;
And a vivid, vindictive, and serpentine flash
Gored the darkness, and shore it across with a gash.
The rain fell in large heavy drops,
And anon
Broke the thunder.

Owen Meredith
(Robert, Lord Lytton).

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father to the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth.

"I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December
And the warmth of its July."

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF JULY

Proverbs for July

The "little busy bee" was never caught in a shower.

"When bees to distance wing their flight,
Days are warm and skies are bright;
But when their flight ends near at home,
Stormy weather is sure to come."

When the perfume of flowers is unusually perceptible, rain may be expected. Sunflower raising its head indicates rain.

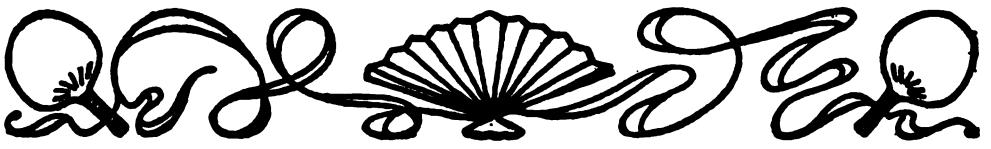
"Rainbow in morning, shepherds take warning;
Rainbow at night, shepherd's delight."

"A sunshiny shower
Won't last half an hour."

"Rain before seven
Fine by eleven."

St. Swithin's Day, gin ye do rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, and ye be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

Old Rhyme.



FANS

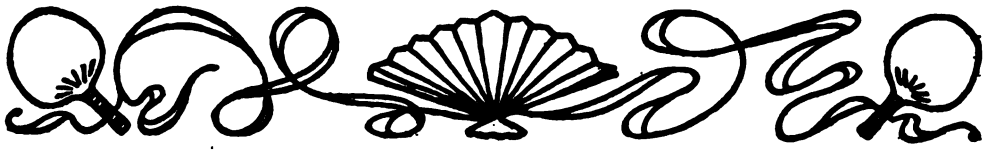
*Women are armed with Fans as Men with Swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. * * * I need not add that a Fan is either a Prude or a Coquet according to the Nature of the Person who bears it.*

Joseph Addison.

As hand-implements for cooling the air, fans have long been articles of luxury. Egyptian paintings prove familiarity with their use in a remote period. "Cleopatra disdained not to cause herself to be fanned by favorite slaves armed with screens or feathers of the Ibis, impregnated with odours."

From a passage in the "Orestes" of Euripides it appears that the Grecian fans were introduced from the East, that they were of circular form, and were mounted plumes of feathers. In the Middle Ages, fans were used in the churches to chase away the flies from the holy elements of the Eucharist. Such a fan, known as the flabellum, *is still used in the Greek and Armenian churches, and in Rome the Pope is escorted on ceremonial occasions by attendants with flabella formed of peacock feathers.*

The folding-fan is said to have been a Japanese invention, the idea being taken from the wing of a bat. The fan was first brought into European notoriety by Catherine de Medici, who introduced the folding-fan into France. Great sums were spent on the ornamentation of the fans first in vogue, and many were painted by Watteau. Walking-fans were formerly in use. They were of large size and were employed to screen the face from the sun, and for this use were popular with men, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.



"A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand."

During the reign of Henry VIII, fans were introduced into England from Italy; and in Elizabethan days they were framed of very costly materials, the body of ostrich feathers, the handle of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. The Chinese have greatly excelled in the art of making fans, those of the lacquered variety showing especial skill. In Japan, where to this day the fan is an indispensable adjunct of the daily life of all classes, large rich fans are used in ceremonial dances in which they are accessories of peculiar significance.

Another species of large fan known as a punkah *is used in India, for cooling the air of rooms and keeping down the temperature. The modern electric revolving-fan is extensively used for cooling the air in private and public buildings. In various nations and at various times the manipulation of the fan has formed almost a separate language, especially for coquets. Addison, in his essay on the fan, in the* Spectator, *and Disraeli, in "Contarini Fleming," treat of this feminine art.*

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF AUGUST

Still world and windless sky,
A mist of heat o'er all;
Peace like a lullaby,
And the ripe apples fall.

Katherine Tyman Hinkson.

When August days are hot and dry,
When burning copper is the sky,
I'd rather fish than feast or fly
In airy realms serene and high.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

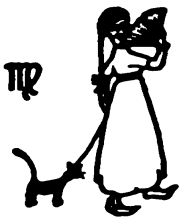
The day had been dim, quiet, hazy, with great woolly clouds piled all over the sky, and occasional outbreakings and quiverings of sunshine, like beautiful thoughts in a story, or sweet notes swelling upward through a low song.

Virginia F. Townsend.

The early part of the day had been dark and showery, but in the afternoon it had cleared up; and though sullen clouds still hung overhead, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west, from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature with a melancholy smile. It seemed like the parting hour of a good Christian, smiling on the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory.

Washington Irving.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF AUGUST

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play—
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glisten fair.

Edmund Spenser.

Sailing in the tropics is really very delightful! When going to the westward, there is almost always, at this season of the year, a favorable breeze, and the weather is generally either quite fair or moderately so.

Lady Anne Brassey.

What's the soft Southwester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas.

Charles Kingsley.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said: "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure,"
Then softly they sank to their rest.

M. K. B.

The sun had sunk, and the summer skies
Were dotted with specks of light,
That melted soon, in the deep moon-rise.

MacDonald Clarke.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF AUGUST

Ye mists and exhalations that now rise,
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour of the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.

John Milton.

At this very time, owing to the heat of the day, so great a vapor had been exhaled from the lake beneath that the whole of the northern side of the fortress cliff was covered with a mist so exceedingly thick, we could not discern each other at a foot's distance. "Now is the moment!" said our gallant leader; "the enemy are stupified with wine, the rock is clothed in a veil!—it is the shield of God that is held before us! under its shelter let us pass from their hands!"

Jane Porter.

I believe a week of steady drizzle in summer is enough to make the stoutest heart depressed. Countess von Arnim.

A cold, uninterrupted rain,
That washed each southern window-pane,
And made a river of the road;
A sea of mist that overflowed
The house, the barns, the gilded vane
And drowned the upland and the plain,
Through which the oak trees, broad and high,
Like phantom ships went drifting by.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF AUGUST

A thin mist swirled across the face of the country in the wind, so that its every feature was softened and magnified. It loomed dim and strangely distant, with a glamour upon it like a place of old romance.

A. E. W. Mason.

The rain increased in violence, appalling even those who heard it from under cover. However rain may storm, though it be an army of archers battering roofs and windows, it is only terrifying when the noise swells every instant. In those hours of darkness it again and again grew in force and doubled its fury, and was louder, louder, and louder, until its next attack was to be more than men and women could listen to. * * * I believe a rain that became heavier every second for ten minutes would drive many listeners mad.

James Matthew Barrie.

Thus when black clouds draw down the lab'ring skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.

John Dryden.

The bravest and coolest men have felt their hearts beating faster just before facing cold steel or going into battle, and almost all of them have felt something else too, which has nothing to do with the heart, and which I can only compare to what many women suffer from when there is going to be a thunderstorm—an indescribable physical restlessness and bodily irritation which makes it irksome to stay long in one position and impossible to think consecutively and reasonably about ordinary matters.

F. Marion Crawford.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF AUGUST

The second flash of lightning showed a tree
Hard by me newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

"It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder never harm'd head."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

This morning the day broke with a promise of sultry heat which has been faithfully kept. The air was lifeless, the birds silent; the landscape seemed to shrink from the ardor of a gaze that penetrated to the very roots of the trees, and covered itself with a faint haze. All things stood hushed and motionless in a dream of heat; even the harvest fields were deserted. On such a day nature herself becomes voiceless; she seems to retreat into those deep and silent chambers where the sources of her life are hidden alike from the heat and cold, from darkness and light. A strange and foreboding stillness is abroad in the earth, and one hides himself from the sun as from an enemy.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time;
The gnats, a busy rout,
Fleck the warm air; the dismal owl
Shouteth a sleepy shout;
The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
Is flitting round about.

Coventry Patmore.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF AUGUST

Dead is the air, and still! the leaves of the locust and walnut
Lazily hang from the bough, inlaying their intricate outlines
Rather on space than the sky,—on a tideless expansion of slumber.

Bayard Taylor.

After a prolonged hot spell in late August, we usually get that transformation scene that has cool reminders in it of the golden age. A shower in the afternoon hisses and splashes on the hot earth, and then dies out lingeringly in what the farmers call a "drizzle-drozzle." It rains well on through the night softly. You can almost hear the muskmelons and tomatoes saying thanks. But the sun comes up unobscured in the morning, burning in a fathomless blue that you seldom see outside the Orient, and calling to mind that tongue-twisting line of Baildon's,—

"Palely blue lucent, one great undulent gem,"—

only it is not "palely," but pronouncedly violet in the unflecked gulfs of it. This is the annunciation of the fall.

Jennie Pearl Mowbray.

In every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine we hear the whispered farewell and behold the parting smile of a dear friend. There is a coolness amid all the heat—a mildness in the blazing noon. Not a breeze can stir but it thrills us with the breath of autumn.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF AUGUST

Well! If the Bard was weatherwise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence.
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,
Which better far were mute.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A red moon, that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdsmen and herds.

Shakespeare.

If the moon show a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises halved round,
Soon will tread on deluged ground.

Old Rhyme.

"Fair weather cometh out of the North."

"When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red."

The August cloud * * * suddenly melts into streams of rain.

Bryant.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF AUGUST

Signs and Notions

Flies sting and are more troublesome than usual when the humidity increases before rain.

"When the sun draws water, rain follows soon after."

Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the skies;
For if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow and spots upon his face,
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light in loose and straggling streams,
Suspect a drizzling day and southern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promised grain.

Virgil.

The insetting of chilly evenings is noted at this season of the year, and has been expressed in a popular distich:—

"St. Bartholomew
Brings the cold dew."

As the feast happens just forty days after St. Swithin's, the good Bartholomew is looked upon as the deliverer from the quarantine of rain that is due if St. Swithin's be rainy.

"St. Bartlemy's mantle wipes dry
All the tears that St. Swithin can cry."

DOG-DAYS

Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour.

Alexander Pope.

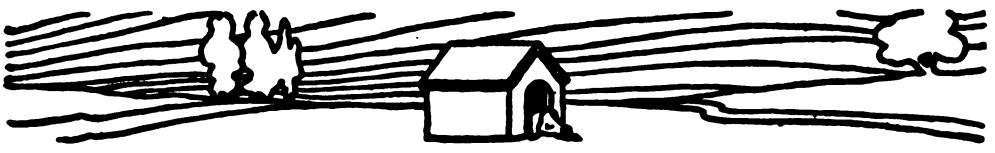
Dog-days, the name applied by the ancients to the hottest period of the year, were said to occur at the time of the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog-star; that is, the time when it rises just before the sun. The heat which is usually most oppressive at this season was formerly ascribed to the conjunction of this star with the sun.

Various dates have been assigned from July 3d to August 15th, for the first dog-day; and various durations from 30 to 54 days. According to Pliny, they began with the heliacal rising of Procyon, which took place July 19th, and this date has been widely accepted.

We still retain the expression "dog-days" as applied most commonly to the close, humid August weather, but owing to the procession of the equinoxes, it is no longer the time of the heliacal rising of the dog-star.

Dryden gives a graphic picture of English dog-days thus:—

"The sun is in the Lion mounted high,
The Syrian star
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above us fry.
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,



And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire."

Addison, in "The Fan Exercise," suggests a seasonable diversion:—

"I generally lay aside the Dog-days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching this Part of the Exercise, *for as soon as ever I pronounce 'Flutter your Fans,' the Place is fill'd with so many Zephyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreshing in that Season of the Year, tho' they might be dangerous to Ladies of a tender Constitution in any other."*

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

September days are here
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

O sweet September, thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool fresh air whence health and vigor spring
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

George Arnold.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The wet-lipped west wind chilleth to the bone
More than the light and flickering east hath done.

William Morris.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

The South wind brings wet weather,
The North wind wet and cold together;
The West wind always brings us rain,
The East wind blows it back again.

Old Rhyme.

The night was very quiet. A gentle breeze was blowing, and the sky was of the usual "Trade" character; that is, a dome of dark blue fringed at the horizon with peaceful cumulous clouds, almost motionless.

Frank T. Bullen.

Blow, thou brave old trade-wind, blow!
Send the mighty billows flashing
In the radiant sunlight dashing,
O'er the reef like thunder crashing!
Blow, thou brave old trade-wind, blow!

Blow, thou grand old trade-wind, blow!
Oh, for caves in which to store thee!
See the palm trees bow before thee—
Yea, like them, we do adore thee.
Blow, thou grand old trade-wind, blow!

Blow, thou good old trade-wind, blow!
Blow away our tropic madness!
Blow away our untold sadness!
Blow us lasting peace and gladness!
Blow, thou grand old trade-wind, blow!

James Stanley Gilbert.

VEATHER)PINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

The wind hath a language, I would I could learn,
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,
Sometimes it comes like a low sweet song,
And all things grow calm as the sound floats along;
And the forest is lulled by the dreamy strain,
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main;
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon ("L. E. L.").

Wind in the southwest; weather wondrous fine;
Thermometer 'twixt seventy-eight and nine;
Ground rather dry; sun flails us overwarm;
It's most time for the equinoctial storm.

Will Carleton.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the Equinox,
Landward in his wrath, he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

After a storm comes a calm, and the old proverbs which tell s that the longest lane must have a turning and the darkest loud a silver lining are not without something of a cheery ote in their constant reiteration like the repeated warble of a hrush telling us of the certainty of spring. Marie Corelli.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Vexed sailors curse the rain
For which poor shepherds prayed in vain.

Edmund Waller.

The Harvest Moon—that amber moon which makes more harvests than those gleaned in the fields of corn.

Thomas Nelson Page.

It is the harvest moon! On gilded vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest-fields, its mystic splendor rests!
Gone are the birds that were our summer guests;
With the last sheaves return the laboring wains.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Harvest Moon

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness
That hides in the full-tasselled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness,
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,
O moon of the year in her prime!
Beam soft, mother-hearted and tender,
Earth hath not a holier time.

Margaret E. Sangster.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

* * * The wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual equinoxes blew;
The sun (already from the Scales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.

John Dryden.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

From the Norse, 1029.
(Translated by Thomas Gray.)

'Twas a night when the landsman seeks shelter
And cares not to venture abroad;
When the sailor clings close to the rigging,
And prays for the mercy of God.

Will Carleton.

A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord keep 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now;
Poor creatures! how they envies us
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm
To be upon the ocean!

Thomas Hood.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

"I am always conscious of an uncomfortable sensation now and then when the wind is blowing in the east."

Charles Dickens.

The waning moon behind a watery shroud
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud;
A mighty halo round her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone:
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.

William Falconer.

'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.

Robert Browning.

And what pictures, never painted by master, ancient or modern, are to be seen by the weather rail at night when the lunar rainbow with its arch of subtle light-and-dark follows on the ship's beam, when the purple water flashes through the patches of the mist, and overhead the moon is like a silver disk, the stars like phosphorescent points!

John A. Van Dyke.

"W'en yo' see a pig agoin' along
Widder straw en de sider 'is mouf,
It'll be a tuhble winter,
En yo' bettah move down Souf."

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

For weeks the clouds had raked the hills
  And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
  And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore
  The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valley clean before
  The besom of the thunder.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Animals and the Weather

Many are the ideas concerning animals and the weather. The household cat, seated at ease before the fire, carefully applies her tongue to her paw, and then her paw to her head. "The cat is washing her face; we shall have rain," some one is sure to say.

When cows lie down early in the morning, when at pasture, rain may be predicted. Feeling rain in the air, the cows lie down to keep dry at least as much grass as their bodies can cover. When the rain is over, they can rise and enjoy a dry feed.

* * * But now, what ravage in a night!
Yon mountain height fades in its cloud-gilt pall;
The prostrate wood lies smirched with rain and mire;
Through the shorn fields the brook whirls wild and white;
While o'er the turbulent waste and woodland fall,
Glares the red sunrise blurred with mists of fire!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Observe which way the hedgehog builds her nest,
To front the north or south, or east or west;
For if 'tis true what common people say,
The wind will blow the quite contrary way.
If by some secret art the hedgehog knows,
So long before the way in which the winds will blow,
She has an art which many a person lacks
That thinks himself fit to make our almanacks.

"Poor Robin's Almanack," 1733.

A Mountain Storm

O friend, see the lightning there! it flickered and now
is gone,
As though flashed a pair of hands in the pillar of
crowned cloud.
Now, was it its blaze, or the lamps of a hermit that
dwells alone,
And pours o'er the twisted wicks the oil from his
slender cruse?

Translated from the Arabic by C. J. Lyall.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;
I shall believe the Hand which never fails
From seeming evil worketh good for me;
And though I weep because those sails are battered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
"I trust in Thee."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Think of an unsuccessful farmer on a wet day. Imagine an unsuccessful farmer, middle-aged, with no balance at his banker's, and all going wrong at home, and his illusions dead, and the future one stern frown, and the present a grey sheet of rain, falling, falling pitilessly. Great Heavens! wasn't alcohol invented for such a case? You know the German proverb about tobacco: "God first made man, and then He made woman; and then He felt sorry for man and made tobacco." Well, equally one might say He first made the land, and then He made the agriculturist, and then He felt sorry for the agriculturist and made wine. It was not until the Flood that Noah exceeded.

E. V. Lucas.

Here the storm turned itself to music and revelled in a glorious symphony of sound.

"Oh ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

"Oh ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever!"

In full chords of passionate praise the hurricane swept its grand anthem through the rustling, swaying trees, as though these were the strings of a giant harp on which some great Archangel played,—and the dash and roar of the sea came with it, rolling in the track of another mighty peal of thunder.

Marie Corelli.

There is no calm like that when storm is done;
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release:
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
No peace so deep as that by struggle won.

Helen Gray Cone.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Birds and the Weather

When birds of long flight hang about home, expect a storm.

When birds cease to sing, rain and thunder will probably occur.

Birds and fowls oiling feathers indicate rain.

If fowls roll in the dust and sand, rain is at hand.

"If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He'll certainly rise with a watery head."

When chimney-swallows fly high and chirp, fair weather follows; when low, rain follows.

When the cuckoo is heard in low lands, it indicates rain; when on high lands, fair weather.

Cranes soaring aloft and quietly in the air foreshows fair weather; but if they make much noise, as if consulting which way to go, it foreshadows a storm that's near at hand.

"If the wild geese gang out to sea,
Good weather there will surely be."

Martins fly low before and during rainy weather.

Loud and long singing of robins denotes rain.

If crows make much noise and fly round and round, expect rain.

"When the peacock loudly bawls,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls."

Clamorous as a peacock against rain.

Shakespeare.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER

The moon and the weather
May change together,
But change of the moon
Does not change the weather.
If we'd no moon at all,
And that may seem strange,
We still should have weather
That's subject to change.

"Notes and Queries."

Among weather notions one of the most prevalent is that which represents the moon as exercising a great influence. It is supposed that upon the time of day at which the moon changes depends the character of the weather during the whole of the ensuing month. Some are also of the opinion that the moon exerts its influence at the first and last quarters, and at the new and full moon, and for three days before and after each of these periods. On the other hand, it has been calculated that "there are 24 days therefore between each new moon, over which the moon at this rate is supposed to preside, leaving only 5½ days which are exempt from her pretended dominion. Hence, though the changes of the weather should happen to have no connection whatever with the moon's aspects, and they should be distributed in an equal proportion throughout the whole month, yet any one who shall predict that a change shall happen on some one of the 24 days assigned rather than in any of the remaining 5½ days, will always have the chances of 24 to 5½ in his favour."

The vulgar doctrine concerning the influence of the moon on the

weather although very ancient is entirely rejected by modern science as a vain delusion.

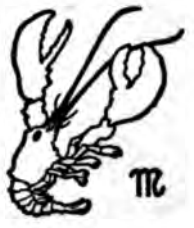
The superstitious still believe that to see "the old moon in the arms of the new one" is a sign of foul weather; and that the turning up of the horns of the new moon indicates fair weather, because in this position, the moon is believed to retain the water which is supposed to be in it, and which would run out if the horns were turned down.

"When the moon lies on her back
She sucks the wet into her lap."

The larger the halo about the moon the nearer the rain-clouds, and the sooner the rain may be expected. Even in our enlightened age, if we do not actually courtesy to the new moon on its first appearance, how many still twist themselves about in order to glance at it over the proper shoulder and turn the money in their pockets just "for luck!"

However, it is only the chosen few who firmly believe in fairy tales, that can implicitly accept the assertion of Rabelais, that "the moon is made of green cheese."

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF OCTOBER

Moon of the falling leaves!
Softly the ground-wind grieves—
  Turning their rusted gold,—
Recalling primrose eves
  And yellow birds, now old
  And fled from stress and cold.

Eliza Woodworth.

The distant hills are crowned with purple mist;
  The days are mellow, and the long calm nights,
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians show
  The shifting splendors of the Northern Lights.

Albert Laighton.

October glows on every cheek,
  October shines in every eye,
While up the hill and down the dale
  Her crimson banners fly.

Elaine Goodale.

No clouds are in the morning sky,
  The vapors hug the stream,
Who says that life and hope can die
  In all this northern gleam?
At every turn the maples burn,
  The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs
  Are dropping for you and me.
  Ho! hillyho! heigh O!
    Hillyho!
  In the clear October morning.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF OCTOBER

It was an October day, fair of face, warm of impulse, grave of purpose, like an experienced and beautiful woman—a day deep to the soul of it with color and alive to the last nerve of it with tenderness. One might have said it was a day when the two halves of the year met before their separation; that Winter clasped Summer in his arms and gave her in one solemn embrace the passion of betrothal and farewell.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

October is the month for painted leaves. Their rich glow now flashes round the world. As fruits and leaves and the day itself acquire a bright tint before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the later twilight.

* * * * * * *

By the sixth of October the leaves generally begin to fall, in successive showers, after frost or rain; but the principal leaf harvest, the acme of the Fall, is commonly about the sixteenth. Some morning at that date there is perhaps a harder frost than we have seen, and ice formed under the pump, and now when the morning wind rises, the leaves come down in denser showers than ever.

Henry David Thoreau.

Have you seen the autumn frostings
Spreading all the leafage bright,
Frosting of the rarest color,
Red and yellow, dark and light?

Have you seen the glory painted,
On the mountain, valley, hill,
When the landscape, all illumined,
Blazons forth his taste and skill?

Selected.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF OCTOBER

The dewy-skirted Clouds imbibe the Sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above the little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing Passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

James Thompson.

Be like the sun that pours its ray
To glad and purify the day;
Be like the moon that sheds its light
To bless and beautify the night;
Be like the stars that sparkle on
Altho' the sun and moon are gone;
Be like the skies that steadfast are
Through absent sun and moon and star.

Selected.

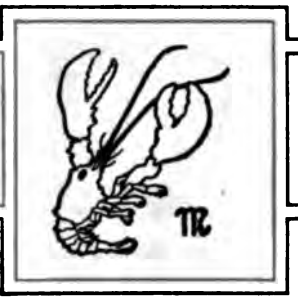
Give me October's meditative haze,
Its gossamer mornings, dewy-wimpled eyes.

Alfred Austin.

The day was clear, crisp and delightful—one of those perfect days when the atmosphere is so pure and transparent that minute objects can be distinguished for miles.

Dillon Wallace.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF OCTOBER

October gave a party,
The leaves by hundreds came,
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

All balanced to their partners,
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustic hollow
At hide-and-seek they played;
The party closed at sundown
And everybody stayed.

Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
In hands across all round.

Selected.

Tonight this sunset spread two golden wings
Cleaving the western sky;
Wing'd too with wind it is, and winnowings
Of birds, as if the day's last hour in rings
Of strenuous flight must die.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF OCTOBER

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.

Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.

John Wilson (Christopher North).

A fine rain was falling, and the landscape was that of autumn. The sky was hung with various shades of gray, and mists hovered about the distant mountains,—a melancholy nature. The leaves were falling on all sides like the lost illusions of youth under the tears of irremediable grief. A brood of chattering birds were chasing each other through the shrubberies, and playing games among the branches, like a knot of hiding schoolboys. Every landscape is, as it were, a state of the soul, and whoever penetrates into both is astonished to find how much likeness there is in each detail.

Henri Frederic Amiel.
(Translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.)

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,
And there rises a wind from the chill northwest
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
From over the wastes of the autumn sea.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF OCTOBER

From a clear sunset I can always borrow
God's sweet half promise of a fair tomorrow.

Will Carleton.

Moan, wretched wind; drive the sad clouds
Along the blindfold plain;
Ye leaves, whirl on your lonely crowds;
Weep on, remorseless rain!

O for one smile of buried Spring,
O for one note of May;
O for one sunny hour to fling
My aching heart away!

Alfred Hayes.

The soft sea-fog clothed the night with clinging darkness, the faded leaves hung slack and motionless from the trees, waiting for their fall; the tense notes of the surf beyond the sand-dunes vibrated through the damp air like chords from some mighty *violono;* large, warm drops wept from the arbour while I sat in the garden.

Henry Van Dyke.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,
And there rises a wind from the chill northwest
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
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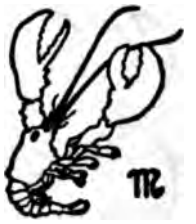
WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF OCTOBER

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
  That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The leaves of autumn are flying before rain and wind. They drive athwart my lawn, a versi-coloured shower. The copper beech is burning its deepest russet, the Canadian oak is a tangled web of shivering saffron; soon the turf will be clean swept, to the weary gardener's high delight, and the eye's chief solace will be the glossy green of laurel and holly.

Mortimer Collins.

The "sobbing wind" and the "weeping rain,"—
  'Tis time to give the lie
To these old superstitions twain,
  That poets sing and sigh.

* * * * * * *

'Tis laughing breeze and singing shower,
  As ever heart could need;
And who with "heigh" and "ho" must lower
  Hath tiny wit indeed.

Edward Rowland Sill.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF OCTOBER

How strange and awful is the synthesis of life and death in the gusty winds and falling leaves of an autumnal day!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

On some October morning there is a heavy hoar-frost on the grass and along the tops of the fences, and at sunrise the leaves fall from the trees of our avenue without a breath of wind, quietly descending by their own weight.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
  In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
  Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AURORA BOREALIS

To claim the Arctic came the sun
With banners of the burning zone.
Unrolled upon their airy spars,
They froze beneath the light of stars;
And there they float, those streamers old,
Those Northern Lights, forever cold.

Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

Designated by the authors of the sixteenth century as "leaping goats," or "flying fires," in modern times the Aurora Borealis is known in Canada as "marionettes," in the North Shetlands as "merry dancers," and in England and America as the "northern lights" or "streamers," adopted from the ancient name given by the Norse, and in Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

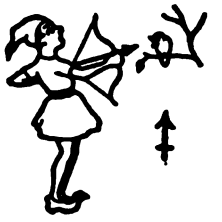
Although on rare occasions in the high latitudes the Aurora Borealis has been seen during full moon, and even at daytime, it usually occurs after the end of twilight, when the northern sky near the horizon will be seen illuminated with a light somewhat like that of the dawn. Careful observation will show, however, that the illumination is in the form of a broad arch, highest near the magnetic north, and reaching the horizon in the northeast and northwest directions.

Presently beams of light of a slightly yellowish tinge are seen crossing this arch with a quivering or flickering motion, and shooting toward the zenith. Each beam constantly varies in brightness and seemingly fades away to give place to another. Very irregular sheets of light having the appearance of thin, red, luminous clouds are sometimes seen in connection with it. The Aurora Borealis is

oftenest observed north of middle latitudes in the northern hemisphere, and south of them in the southern hemisphere; and in greater number during March and September. Contrary to general opinion, the Auroras do not increase as we advance poleward; for in the regions where polar expeditions have mostly wintered, Melville Island, Baffin Bay, and Smith Sound, the Aurora is generally less brilliant and less frequent than in Iceland, Labrador and South Greenland.

Science has not been able to as yet determine the cause of this very common phenomenon. Yet there is no doubt that the Aurora is associated in some way with the magnetism of the earth. The coincidence of the rays of the Aurora with the direction of the magnetic needle is one proof of this relation; another is found in the relation of the Aurora to magnetic storms. Records extending back two centuries or more show that they are much more numerous when the spots of the sun are more numerous. As there is an eleven-year period in the spots of the sun, so there is a corresponding period of the Aurora.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Old "Father Time" has brought again
  November, dark and drear;
The chilly winds sigh mournfully,
  The grass is brown and sere.

Selected.

This is the month of sunrise skies,
  Intense with molten mist and flame,
Out of the purple deeps arise
  Colors no painter yet could name.
Gold lilies and the cardinal flower
  Were pale against this gorgeous hour.

Lucy Larcom.

The month was November,
And the weather a subject for prayer.

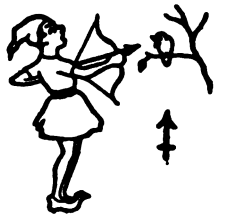
Edith Nesbit.

The wild November come at last
  Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside,
  Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
  The Autumn's vacant throne:
She has but one short moon to live,
  And she must live alone.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Such cutting winds came never then
  To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
  More balmily the dew.

The morning mist and evening haze—
  Unlike this cold gray rime—
Seem'd woven warm of golden air
  When I was in my prime.

Caroline Bowles Southey.

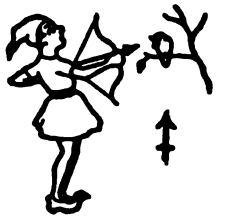
He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!
  You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to the earth.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Jack Frost came down last night;
  He slid to the earth on a sunbeam,
Keen and sparkling and bright;
  He sought in the grass for crickets
With delicate icy spear,
  So sharp and fine and fatal,
And he stabbed them far and near;
  Only a few stout fellows thawed by the morning's sun
  Chirrup a mournful echo of by-gone frolic and fun.

Celia Thaxter.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Jack Frost will soon cover
The little brooks over;
The snow-clouds are up in the sky
All ready for snowing;
Dear Autumn is going!
We bid her a loving "good-bye."

Emelie Poulson.

Little old woman up in the sky,
See how she makes the feathers fly!
She sits in the twilight overhead
And picks her geese for a feather-bed.

The gray geese fly their heavy wings;
The little old woman sings and sings:
"How strange that the people down below
Should call my bits of feathers snow!

"Here is a handful soft and white—
That is to cover the crocus tight.
Here is another whiter still,
And that is to hide the daffodil.

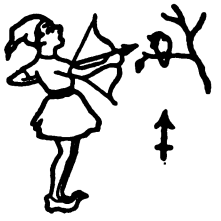
"Here is one for the great fir tree,
And another here for the chickadee!"
Little old woman overhead,
What will become of your feather-bed?

Selected.

A London fog when it arises,
All London soon demoralizes!

J. Ashby-Sterry.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF NOVEMBER

See the first pure flakes of winter
  Settling down on hill and dale,
Melting in the gleaming river
  Where the scattered branches trail;
Settling down on each projection,
  Touching up each broken saint
Of that time-stained rich old Abbey,
  With its carvings rude and quaint.

Hume Nisbet.

The Rainy Day

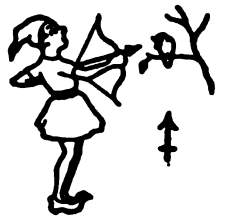
The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
  And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
  And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining:
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
  Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF NOVEMBER

It was raining this morning; not a soft, warm rain, falling in comforting drops, but hard, chilling, cheerless, as if there were not one sheltered spot in the whole world where one could be comforted.

Jennie M. Drinkwater.

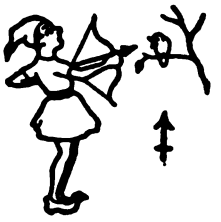
It was a foggy day in London, and the fog was heavy and dark. Animate London, with smarting eyes and irritated lungs, was blinking, wheezing and choking; inanimate London was a sooty spectre, divided in purpose between being visible and invisible, and so being wholly neither. Gaslights flared in the shops with a haggard and unblest air as knowing themselves to be night-creatures that had no business abroad under the sun; while the sun itself, when it was for a few moments dimly indicated through circling eddies of fog, showed as if it had gone out and were collapsing flat and cold. Even in the surrounding country it was a foggy day, but there the fog was grey, whereas in London it was, at about the boundary line, dark yellow, and a little within it brown, and then browner, and then browner, until at the heart of the city * * * it was rusty-black.

Charles Dickens.

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Chattering on the window-sash,
With a chatter and patter
Like hail and rain
That well nigh shatter
The dusky pane.

Thomas Buchanan Reed.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF NOVEMBER

I dropp'd my pen, and listen'd to the wind
That sang of trees uptorn and vessels toss'd:
A midnight harmony, and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure, or resign'd
To timely sleep.

William Wordsworth.

"There's a storm coming," said the Bishop one day, looking up at the scudding clouds. "Ay, ay," said Danny, with his small eye askew, "the long cat's tail was going off at a slant awhile ago, and now the round thick skate yonder is hanging mortal low." "The wind is rising," the Bishop said on another occasion. "Ay, Davy's putting on the coppers for the parson," said the young heretic. * * * Davy shaded his eyes from the wind, which was blowing from the sea, and looked up at the stormy petrel that was careering over the head of the cliff above them and uttering its dismal cry: "Ay, and d'ye see Mother Carey's chickens up yonder?"

Hall Caine.

Mother Carey's Chickens

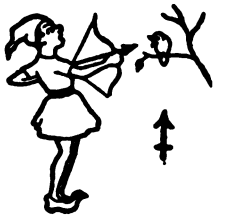
This term is said to have been originally bestowed upon stormy petrels by Captain Carteret's sailors, probably from some celebrated ideal hag of that name. As these birds are supposed to be seen only before stormy weather, they are not welcome visitors.

Selected.

When you see Mother Carey's chickens,
Yo ho ho!
Then look out to catch the dickens.

Christian Godfrey Leland.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Divine Providence is remarkable in ordering that a fog and a tempest never did nor can meet together in nature. For as soon as a fog is fixed the tempest is allayed, and as soon as a tempest doth arise the fog is dispersed. This is a great mercy; for otherwise such small vessels as boats and barges, which want the conduct of the card and compass, would irrevocably be lost.

Thomas Fuller.

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning;
Before the sun rises we nimbly fly,
Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.
To horse, my boys, to horse, away,
The chase admits of no delay.

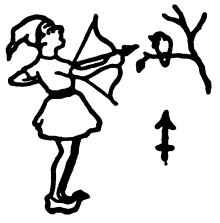
Old Hunting Song.

As is well known, much of the success of a "run" in hunting depends on the condition of the atmosphere. When this is very dry, or when a sharp northerly breeze prevails, the scent or exhalation from the hunted animal is rarefied and dissipated, and becomes consequently impossible to be traced and followed up by dogs. When, on the other hand, the air is moist, but without the presence of actual rain, and a gentle gale blows from the south or west, then the scent clings to the adjoining soil and vegetation; and a more favourable condition still is, when it is suspended in the air at a certain height from the earth, and the dogs are enabled to follow it *breast high*, at full speed, without putting their heads to the ground.

The thorough British sport of fox-hunting extends over a period of about six months, from the latter part of October to the beginning of April.

Selected.

WEATHER OPINIONS



MONTH OF NOVEMBER

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Sir Edwin Arnold.

It was one of November's rare days. The kindly air, vital with the breath of the north wind and mellow with the genial sun, was full of purple haze; the grass, still vividly green, gave no hint of the coming winter; the trees bony and bare but for a few rags of summer dress, russet-brown and gold, stood softened of all their harshness in the purple haze and slanting, yellow light of the autumn afternoon. * * * It was a good day to be alive. The tingle in the air somehow got into the blood.

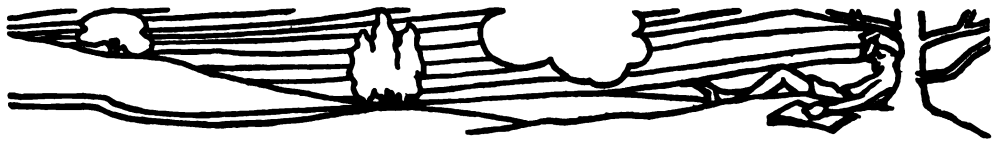
Ralph Connor.

Not a cloud floated across the sky, nor did there rise above the horizon one of those clouds (portentous forerunners of evil!) to which novelists refer as being "no larger than a man's hand." Heaven knew right well that the blight of evil was approaching fast enough, but there was no visible indication on her face that glorious November morning.

Harold Macgrath.

Why has no one written a November rhapsody with plenty of lilt and swing? The poets who are moved at all by this month seem only stirred to lamentation, giving us year-end and "melancholy days" remarks, thereby showing that theory is stronger than observation among the rhyming brotherhood, or else that they have chronic indigestion and no gardens to stimulate them.

Mabel Osgood Wright.



INDIAN SUMMER

Indian Summer
To her bier
Comes the year
Not with weeping and distress, as mortals do,
But to guide her way to it
All the trees have torches lit.

Lucy Larcom.

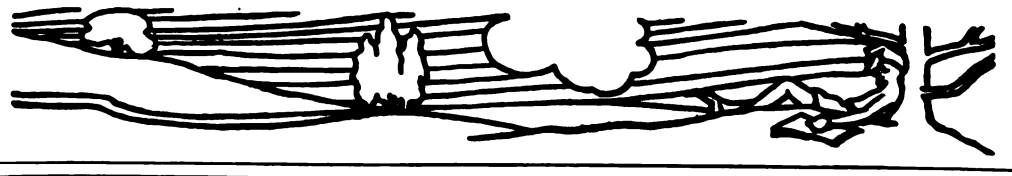
There are some laggard days in November that have been left behind by the autumnal procession. They are wayward, dilatory, irrelevant days, and come in the rear of the retreating season, like indolent nymphs that, dressed for the nuptials, only arrive for the funeral, and could not abandon their voluptuous moods. They wear their bridal veils, and look at us reminiscently through clouds of mist. These beautiful, dreamy days appear to have been thrown off somewhere like fragments by the revolving August, and they come along like the Leonids, and as softly disappear. We call them the Indian Summer.

Jennie Pearl Mowbray.

The Indian Summer, — the dead Summer's soul.

Mary Clemmer.

This halcyon period of our autumn will always in some way be associated with the Indian. It is red and yellow and dusky like him. The smoke of his camp-fire seems again in the air. The memory of him pervades the woods. His plumes and moccasins and blanket of skins form just the costume the season demands. It



was doubtless his chosen period. The gods smiled upon him then if ever. The time of the chase, the season of the buck and the doe, and of the ripening of all forest fruits; the time when all men are incipient hunters, when the first frosts have given pungency to the air, when to be abroad on the hills or in the woods is a delight that both old and young feel,—if the red aborigine ever had his summer of fulness and contentment, it must have been at this season, and it fitly bears his name.

John Burroughs.

No more the battle or the chase
The phantom tribes pursue,
But each in its accustomed place
The Autumn hails anew.
And still from solemn councils set
On every hill and plain,
The smoke of many a calumet
Ascends to heaven again.

John Banister Tabb.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF DECEMBER

December hung her glittering roof
  Of frosty sunshine on the earth —
The streamers danced across the night,
  Like angels in a troop of mirth.

Thomas Haynes Bailey.

Last of all, December,
  The year's sands nearly run,
Speeds on the shortest day,
  Curtails the sun;
With its bleak raw wind
  Lays the last leaves low,
Brings back the nightly frosts,
  Brings back the snow.

Christina G. Rossetti.

Ah! how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!
In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,
Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight;
Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Dear swift December evenings, homelier far
Than are June's perfumed twilights, warm and still.

Sir Lewis Morris.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF DECEMBER

A cauld day December blew;
A cauld kirk, and in't few;
A caulder minister ne'er spak;
It will be lang ere I come back.

Robert Burns.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
When Beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.

Charles Swain.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun.

James Russell Lowell.

All else was still with the weird, dreamy stillness that hangs over the earth on a day of chill East-wind haze. There is a brooding expectancy about such a day that works strangely on the imagination, and suggests the dark impossibilities of irresistible Fate. There is an austere poetry in the purply gray, breathless air, and the dark unchanging sky, and a mute pathos in the quiet hush of weary Nature, thus folding her hands for rest, which has an unutterable charm for some temperaments, and touches far deeper chords than those vibrated by the brilliance and joyous tumult of life and song in the pleasant June time.

Maxwell Gray.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF DECEMBER

When suns are low and nights are long
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the Queen of the Year
In all her peerless charms,—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

Edna Dean Proctor.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!
To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!
To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakespeare.

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF DECEMBER

Frost Pictures

When, like a sullen exile driven forth,
Southward, December drags his icy chain,
He graves fair pictures of his native North
On the crisp window-pane.

The fairy fragments of some Arctic scene
I see tonight; blank wastes of polar snow,
Ice-laden boughs, and feather pines that lean
Over ravines below.

Black frozen lakes, and icy peaks blown bare,
Break the white surface of the crusted pane,
And spear-like leaves, long ferns, and blossoms fair
Linked in silvery chain.

Edith May.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.

Alexander Pope.

Hear the rain elves' soft, wet fingers,
Creeping o'er the window-pane,
Gently tapping, tapping, tapping
A monotonous refrain.
Pattering lightly on the shingles,
'Neath the old eaves murmuring low,
From the gables to the portals
Gaily dancing to and fro.

Eleanor French.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF DECEMBER

When the humid shadows hover
  Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
  Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
  Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
  Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
  Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
  Of the rain upon the roof.

Coates Kinney.

Hard weather tries what health we have; afflictions try what sap we have, what grace we have. Withered leaves soon fall off in windy weather, rotten boughs quickly break with heavy weights.

Phillips Brooks.

Announced by the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven, and
Veils the farmhouse at the garden end.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF DECEMBER

I saw fair Chloris walke alone
Where feathered rayne came softly downe,
And Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower;
The wanton snowe flewe to her breast
Like little birds into their nest,
And overcome with whiteness there
For grief it thawed into a teare,
Thence falling on her garment's hemme
For grief it freez'd into a gemme.

William Strode.

The wintry wind extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest
And pass the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear,—to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please
Their fate resembles mine!

Robert Burns.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF DECEMBER

Stars are of mighty use: the night
  Is dark and long;
The rode foul; and where one goes right,
  Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
  Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much away,
  And guide a croud.

Henry Vaughn.

The wonderful snow is falling
  Over river and woodland and wold;
The trees bear spectral blossoms
  In the moonshine blurred and cold.

There's a beautiful garden in heaven;
  And there are the banished flowers,
Falling and driven and drifted
  Into this dark world of ours.

John James Piatt.

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
  The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
  And down the western sky;
In upland pastures, where the grass
  With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay,
  That first, best Christmas night.

Margaret Deland.

WEATHER OPINIONS

MONTH OF DECEMBER

Men talk glibly enough about moonshine, as if they knew its qualities very well, and despised them; as owls might talk of sunshine. * * * It does not concern men who are asleep in their beds, but it is very important to the traveler whether the moon shines brightly or is obscured. It is not easy to realize the serene joy of all the earth when she commences to shine unobstructedly, unless you have often been abroad alone in moonlight nights. She seems to be waging continued war with the clouds in your behalf. Yet we fancy the clouds to be *her* foes also. She comes on magnifying her dangers by her light, revealing, displaying them in all their hugeness and blackness, then suddenly casts them behind into the light concealed, and goes her way triumphant through a small space of clear sky.

Henry David Thoreau.

I see the Almighty swathed in infant bands,
Tied helpless down the thunder-bearer's hands!
And, in this shed that mystery discern,
Which faith and love, and they alone, can learn.
Ye tempests, spare the slumbers of your Lord!
Ye zephyrs, all your whisper'd sweets afford!
Confess the God that guides the rolling year;
Heaven, do him homage; and thou, earth, revere!
Ye shepherds, sages, monarchs, hither bring
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King!

William Cowper.

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity."

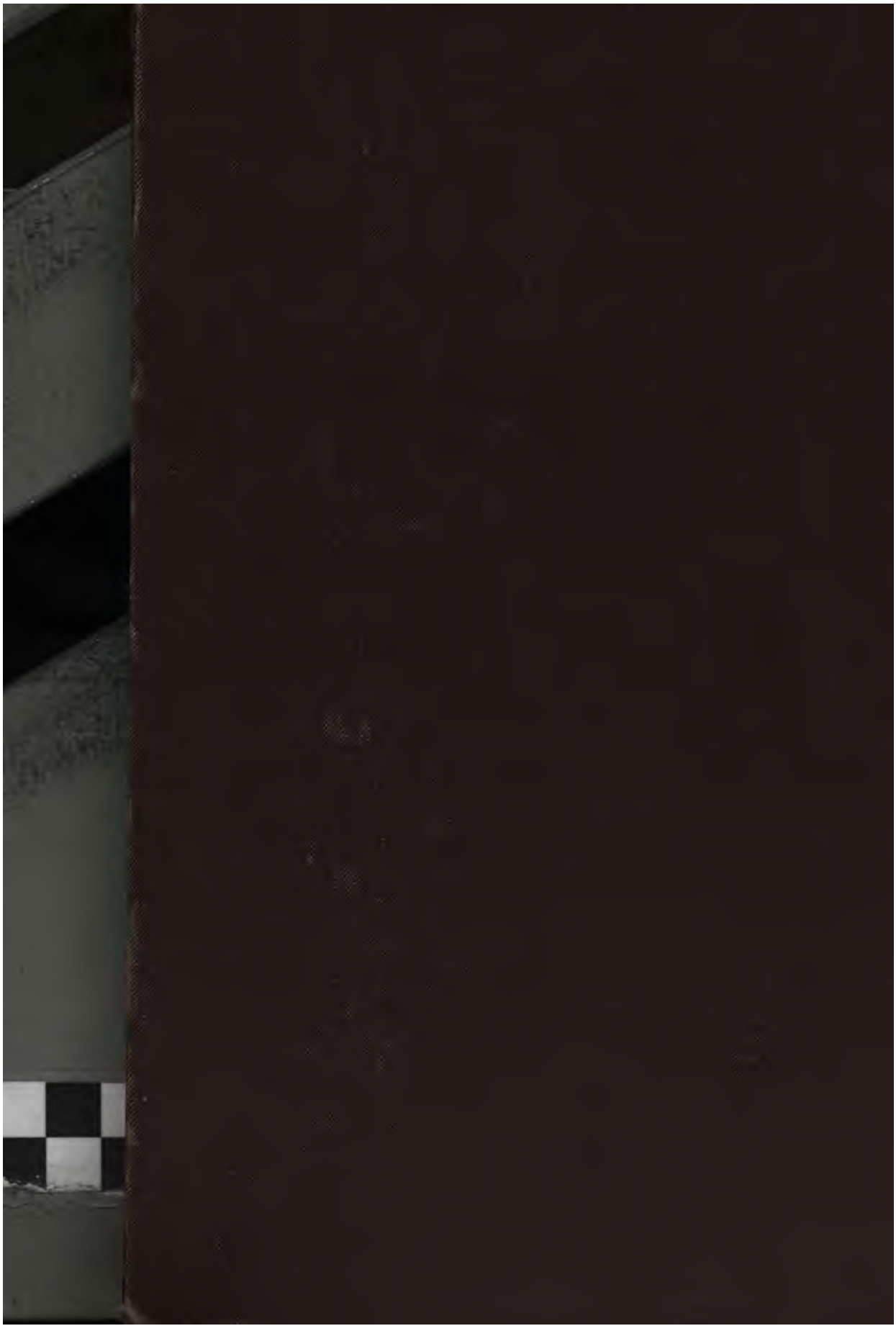
HALCYON DAYS

Poets and novelists often refer to certain periods in life's calendar, such that are expressive of tranquillity and happiness, as "Halcyon Days."

This familiar phrase has its origin in an ancient fable, that during the seven days preceding and the seven days following the shortest day in the year, while the halcyon bird or kingfisher was breeding, the sea was always calm, and might be navigated in perfect security by the mariner. According to poetic fiction, the bird was represented as hatching her eggs on a floating nest in the midst of the waters.

I can tell you what that bird was—a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, is a shy, retiring bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

John Aiken.

The halcyon days, which sometimes extend their southern influence even to our stern-climate (England) and carry an interval of gloomy calm into the heart of this dreary month, have generally ere its close given place to the nipping frosts and chilling blasts of midwinter. "Out of the South" hath come "the whirlwind, and cold out of the North."

Thomas K. Hervey.